



## MWC Players Give "Glass Menagerie"

For three nights the four players of the Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams turned in stellar performances, with Miss Pat Waltz and Mr. Jack Roach doing jobs almost on a par with Broadway. The play was directed by Albert Klein, who did a wonderful job of making a rather long, talkative, slow-moving play stay alive and interesting to the audience.

Miss Waltz did such a wonderful job that this viewer, for one, walked out of the play hating her. The remarkable thing about Miss Waltz's performance was that she did not once lose her pseudo-Southern drawl. Miss Waltz, a West Virginian by birth, mimicked a Southern drawl to perfection.

Mr. Roach, we believe, can go very far in dramatics if he wishes. Throughout the entire play, he turned in an excellent performance as the dominated son and the protective brother. His soliloquies were particularly effective and attention holding.

Miss Katherine Rozmarynowska and Dr. James H. Croushore turned in quite good supporting performances. Although Miss Rozmarynowska did not have many speaking lines, she put her utmost in the part and left the viewer with the feeling of wanting to go upon the stage and protect her. Dr. Croushore brought back memories of his class to his old students almost every time he spoke. Although he was very stiff and ill-at-ease when he first came on stage, he soon relaxed and turned in a able performance.

The lighting and setting were great contributing factors to the drama of the play, and Miss Sally Handger (and her crew) and Mr. Mark Sumner should be commended on their notable jobs.

The play on the whole was eminently good, with only a small number of boring parts, really the fault of Tennessee Williams, and not of the actors.

## Library Books May Be Renewed

In order better to accommodate our students, the Library has decided to permit the immediate renewal of books which have not been requested by other patrons. Students and others who find books they need in use, must leave their reserve on the books to insure getting them as soon as possible.

The period of renewal will be for two weeks, and only one renewal will be allowed.

## Choir Gives Yule Programs

Christmas is a time for singing, and the Choir has given several programs recently. The Mary Washington Choir is under the direction of Miss Eva Taylor Eppes, head of the Music Department.

On December 2, the Choir went to Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Virginia, to present in joint concert with the Randolph-Macon Glee Club the Christmas portion from Handel's Messiah. Soloists were Grace Bedall, soprano, and Nancy Brogden, contralto. The group was directed by Miss Eppes and William Troxell, director of the R.M.C. Glee Club. Mr. Harold Abmyer, minister of music at the Fredericksburg Methodist Church, was the organist-accompanist. This was a very special occasion for the members of the M.W.C. Choir as it was the first performance in which they wore the new blue and white robes which the college bought for them this year. The program took place in the new Blackwell Auditorium.

On Dec. 6, the Choir sang a Vespers concert of Christmas Music at Fredericksburg Methodist Church. Soloists were Grace Bedall, Nancy Brogden, Jane McKinney, and Meechi Yokogawa; assistant soloists were Harold Abmyer, organist, and accompanist, and August Lieben, violinist.

A third concert took place Dec. 8 in the Naval Hospital wards and the Post Theatre at Quantico. The program was much the same as that of Dec. 6, with the same girls singing solos. Susan Ayers was the accompanist.

The Choir finished the season with a repeat performance of the Christmas portion of the Messiah here at Convocation in joint concert with Randolph-Macon. With the singing of the famous Hallelujah Chorus, the Choir brought to an end its thrilling performances of the Christmas season of 1953.

The coach of a penitentiary football team complains that he is not getting any good young material, which seems odd, considering that the conference rules permit him to offer room, board and time off for good behavior.



Scene from Senior Benefit—"For All We Know," presented here Thursday and Friday nights.

## Dance Is Feature Of Full Week-End

### Campus Clippings

At the November meeting the fall initiation of Athenaeum, the classical club at Mary Washington College, took place at the home of Mrs. Stewart, the faculty sponsor.

Miss Dawn Van Buskirk, president, Miss Kay Drogaris, vice-president, Miss Carolyn Barnes, secretary, and Miss Phyllis Melillo, publicity chairman, took part in conducting the candlelight ceremony.

New members initiated were the Misses Lucy Abbot of Lynchburg, Lillian Bewley of Roanoke, Sally Burton of Alexandria, Carolyn A. Culpepper of Augusta, Georgia, Athena Georgalas of Newport News, Barbara North of Lynbrook, New York, Anne Lou Rohrbach of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, Carolyn Six of Huntington, New York, Anne G. Smith of Asheville, North Carolina, and Nancy A. Stephenson of Warren.

Miss Carol Stone Brown, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Brown of Indianalantic, Florida, formerly a music student at Mary Washington College, recently appeared as guest artist at the Indian River Hotel, Cocoa, Fla., with Charlie Spivak and his orchestra. Miss Brown, now a senior at Florida Southern College, plays the trumpet and has played with the orchestra before.

Miss Evelyn Lorraine Robinson, Class of 1945, has been appointed a recreation leader with Army Special Services overseas. She was scheduled to leave for a two year assignment in Europe early this month (December).

The Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia Alumnae Association is located in the Student Center, Room 204. Please feel free at any time to come in and talk with Lolly Lamason, the Alumnae Secretary or call at telephone 1810.

If you would like some pretty bridge, canasta or samba cards for Christmas gifts come to the Alumnae Office. They are lovely plastic coated playing cards in the college colors with the college seal. They also have scenic note paper of the college. Could we help you with your Christmas shopping?

The big Christmas weekend of December 12 and 13 is over, and with its passing, many memories are ours to keep. Starting with Saturday, the big events ran thus: Saturday afternoon, the YWCA Doll Show; Saturday evening, the formal dinner and the Holiday Hop; early Sunday morning, breakfast; and Sunday afternoon, a Christmas Concert presented by the MWC Glee Club.

On Saturday afternoon, a big thrill for many of the underprivileged children of this area was a toy show sponsored by the YWCA. After a six-act show, the children were given the dolls and toys which had been made by MWC freshmen.

Saturday evening, the big evening of the weekend, was started off by a formal dinner at six o'clock in Seacoveck Hall. Decorations, an eighteen-foot blue and silver Christmas tree which was spotlighted, and dinner music, provided by a string ensemble directed by Ronald Faulkner, touched off a delightful dinner.

Then at nine o'clock the formal dance was begun. Music was provided by Stan Brown and his renowned orchestra. Invitations to this first formal of the year had been extended to, among other distinguished guests, Governor and Mrs. John S. Battle; Governor-elect and Mrs. Thomas B. Stanley; Attorney-General and Mrs. J. Lindsay Almond; President and Mrs. Colgate W. Darden, Jr.; and Captain Charles A. Buchanan, commandant of the United States Naval Academy. The dancers added a holiday spirit to the Holiday Hop which made the evening more than enjoyable for the guests.

During the intermission, refreshments were served by members of the Home Economics Club. After the dance, a breakfast was served from twelve to one-thirty a.m. in Seacoveck.

Sunday afternoon, with the presentation of the Annual Christmas Concert by the MWC Glee Club, witnessed the climax and end of the big week-end. From thirty-three until the start of the concert, a recital on the organ was given by Mr. Harold Abmyer who played Christmas music. Then at four o'clock, the concert began.

With the exception of the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah and traditional Christmas carols, the selections of the glee club were modern European and American compositions.

## CALENDAR

### December

15—Chapel. Madrigal Singers will perform "A Ceremony of Carols."

16—M.W.C. Band's Christmas Concert 7 p.m.—Convention.

### January

8—Chapel in charge of Dr. Whidden.

16—Korny Karnival at 7 p.m. in Monroe Hall.

19—Lyceum. Dr. Franz Polgar: "Miracle of the (called 'America's greatest one man show') Mind."

### February

2—Chapel in charge of Father Widmer.

5—Chi Beta Phi Auction, 7:30 p.m. in Monroe Hall.

6—Informal Dance sponsored by the Veterans.

9-12—Emphasis Week.

20—Junior Benefit.

## EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

### FIRST SEMESTER, 1953-54

Thursday January 21	No classes.	This day set aside for preparation for examinations.
Friday January 22	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	Classes meeting 3:00 M, W, F. 2:00 M, W, F.
Saturday January 23	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	11:30 T, Th, S 10:30 T, Th, S
Monday January 25	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	9:30 T, Th, S 8:30 T, Th, S
Tuesday January 26	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	11:30 M, W, F. 10:30 M, W, F.
Wednesday January 27	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	9:30 M, W, F. 8:30 M, W, F.
Thursday January 28	9:00-11:00 2:00-4:00	2:00 T, Th Classes meeting at hours not provided for above.

### NOTES

Students must take examinations at the hour scheduled for the section in which they are enrolled.

Examinations should be planned for two hours. Examinations should be given in all classes unless the Dean is notified to the contrary. If no formal examination is given, the two-hour period should be used for instruction.

Classes meeting five days a week should follow the schedule for M,W,F classes.

Examinations in laboratory courses should be held according to the hours scheduled for the lecture meeting of the class. All examinations should be pledged by the student.

Final grades should be reported to the Registrar as soon as possible after the examination.

Examinations should be held in the classroom in which the classes ordinarily meet.

Examinations should be given by the professor teaching the course.

of Mrs. Isabelle Gonon as Dean of the loss of a lady who demanded and respect and admiration of Mary Washington

Mrs. Gonon accepted the position of Dean of Women which was open after Dr. Mary Ellen Stephenson, known and loved by all on campus, decided to resume full-time teaching. Coming here to a strange school, Mrs. Gonon had her experience, excellent background and charming manner to pave the way to the hearts of the students. Her place was scarcely secured at Mary Washington when she found it necessary to resign according to Dr. Combs.

Mrs. Gonon possessed the characteristics necessary or prerequisite for her office. She was kind, reasonable, understanding, charming, dignified, gracious and courteous. Ever willing to listen to pleas and plights, she was capable of solving or calming the situation.

There have been times when we may not have cooperated with her as much as we could. We did not realize the effort she was exerting in our behalf and under what difficulties she worked.

For her, we wish the best of everything deserved by the finest of women.

For us, we wish and ask for someone who can measure up to the standards set by Mrs. Gonon and Dr. Stephenson as holders of the title of Dean of Women of Mary Washington College.

## THE MERRIEST CHRISTMAS and HAPPIEST NEW YEARS to the STUDENT BODY From LEWIE

### Christmas Letter To A Child

Dear little one,

You may not be able to understand the things which I tell you now, or even why I am telling you, but perhaps you will remember this letter, and, when a year comes to you with doubts and questions, think of the words of this well-meant effort. For I am going to try to take your eyes away from the superficial brilliance of the Christmas tree, over to the soft glow of the Manger, by explaining the true spirit of Christmas—that spirit being Love.

Love is the greatest miracle of His coming that we know; it is an endless source of faith and understanding. It is found wherever the Christ-Child is found, since the love of God is the greatest of all loves. So long as faith and deep spiritual values guide your life, this miraculous emotion can never lose its inward glow and deep significance.

Then, rising from the love of God is the love of family. As your parents find it in guiding your life, you find it in their sacrifice for you. This is a love of discovery and memory, since it begins in childhood and lasts through the years.

People who have not heard, or do not want to hear, of the Manger may tell you that life is sad; however, if you have love for the Child, you will have no real unhappiness. Love is nurtured in the various relationships of life, drawing on the deep wells of character and truth. For as your generation grows toward maturity, its hopes and dreams will draw upon the eternal sources of love, remembering that it is everywhere—a shining beacon of man's search for happiness.

Could you be wondering who I am? Perhaps if I tell you that I must close now, since it is near midnight and I have an appointment to sing with the Heavenly Host, you will know. You see, we heralded His coming anew, every year. So, I do hope I have succeeded in my purpose, for He will be pleased.

As ever, I am  
A CHRISTMAS ANGEL

## The Bullet

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### His One Request

Once upon a time, there was an eight year old boy, Jimmy, who lived with his mother in a small flat in the poorer section of town. One day, as Christmas drew near, Jimmy said to his mother, "Do you know what I really want most of all this year, Mama? I'd just love to have a big red wagon with my name on the side!" His friend had one, and it seemed like the height of luxury to Jimmy.

Mrs. Flaherty, knowing that she could never afford such an expensive present with her meager wages, had only one suggestion: "Why don't you pray to the Good Lord, dear, and see if he can't do something for you?" He's always understanding and is sure to help," So Jimmy prayed faithfully every night. "Thank you for everything, Dear God, and please couldn't I have a big red wagon with my name on the side? It's the only thing I've ever wanted so much!"

Then it was Christmas day at last. Jimmy woke up early, ran into the barren room where there was one wilting branch of evergreen in a drinking-glass on the small table, and glanced all around. There were no presents—no big red wagon with his name on the side.

His mother appeared, red-eyed, in the doorway. "I'm sorry, son. I guess God was too busy this year to listen to your request.—Maybe next time."

"Oh no, mother. He heard me. He said, No."

### Why Did He Come— "The Reason"

By Anne Marie Kenny

All through the year  
Questions are hurled by  
The doubtful, and even  
The humble; they ask:

"Why did He Come?  
Heralded by joyous, reverent an-  
gels,  
Then Born in a stable;  
Born and later Crucified  
In glorious exultant Pain."

"Why did He come?  
Wearing the shabby garment of  
mortality,  
Yet with a radiant Countenance;  
Beholding all with eyes which were  
The haunting, soft-gray eyes of  
Hope."

But now at Christmas  
Uncertainty vanishes and question-  
ing ceases.  
For You and I and all the world  
Know the Reason—the answer to  
all queries;  
We know that the world began at  
CHRISTmas for everyone.

Gaetano Cecere has been invited to serve on the jury of awards for sculpture for the twelfth annual exhibition sponsored by Audubon Artists, Inc., in New York on January 10.

### Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

The opera presented here on December 1st was a triumphant success. We were thrilled by the excellent performances of the soloists, especially that of Elinor Warren who sang the part of Azucena, the gipsy woman. Miss Warren gave a performance which would have made Verdi himself stand and shout "Bravo!" She not only had a rich, beautiful voice, but she acted extremely well. She was Azucena and not Elinor Warren throughout the opera. She had her audience on the edge of its seat each time she sang. Certainly she was the outstanding person in the performance.

Albert Dacosta, Manrico, started out rather slow but soon warmed up to the part. He has an excellent voice especially in the higher register. Marguerite Lamb, Leonora, whom we remember from her part of Mimi in La Boheme (Lyceum, 151) again excelled on our Mary Washington stage. It was a pleasure to listen to her full, brilliant soprano.

Surely something should be said about Louis Sgarro who sang the part of Ferrando. Although we do not know too much about vocal technique, we feel that he had excellent control of the voice and that he did real justice to his part. The opera was staged and directed in very good style. The sets were simple and apt as were the costumes and props. And we can tell from the brilliant performance of the soloists and chorus that the director is a master in his work.

Thank you, again, Charles Wagner, for bringing to us an evening well-kept.

Sincerely,  
Pat Josephs

Mary Washington College is one of the 39 colleges and universities with alumnae groups in the New York area which will cooperate with Barnard College in sponsoring the sixth annual Barnard Forum February 6 at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Honoring the 200th anniversary of Columbia University's founding, the Forum has selected for its theme, "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof."

### Our Educated Collegians . . .

(ACPO)—A college education is a marvelous thing. Here are some of the errors that turned up when a general information test was given at the University of Oregon: Fjord—a Swedish automobile; Iran—Bible of the Mohammedans; Nicotine—the man who discovered cigarettes; Scotland Yard—two feet, ten inches; Concubine—when several businesses combine.

### Mr. Scrooge of '53

By Jean Sterling

Do you remember that famous old man brought to life in the "Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens? We tremble when we think about his life not because of his meanness but because of his great loneliness. How empty must be the feeling of one who possesses all the material luxuries of life and yet suddenly realizes he has not a friend, especially at Christmas time.

If we stopped to look around at the important men in current world events, we would discover more than one Scrooge, perhaps a hundred times worse than the original. Let's take an obvious one whom we all know. We haven't the right to judge him, so we will give him the benefit of not mentioning his name. The power, wealth, and slaves he possesses are unbelievable. He controls about a fifth of the world, but is still grasping for more. His ambition is to be king of the world. Does he not know that only God can be King of the World?

What will be his thoughts at Christmas as he gazes at the world on the even of the Birth of its Savior? He will see human suffering everywhere that his hand has touched. He will see wreckage and starvation in all the nations that he has conquered. He will see burning eyes of hatred lifted to meet his own wherever he turns. Oh, how much more pleasant it would be to see eyes of Christian love shining toward you!

On the surface, this man will have a most splendid Christmas. But when he has a minute to slip away and look at his "iron-curtained" world, an empty feeling will assail him, as it did Scrooge so many years ago. If only this man would realize the wrong he is doing before it's too late—Let us pray together this Christmas that this man's army and doctrines will not gain a foothold in our land. The future of our world rests upon our generation, so let us kneel and pray for all mankind. And as we think of our brothers of every color, creed, or race, let us each say, "God bless us, every one."

### Our Morals And Mores Again . .

(ACP) — Early this month Newsweek magazine (Nov. 2) joined the ranks of those who have undertaken to "size up" the younger generation. After making "an intensive study of seven institutions of higher learning," Newsweek found the "campus kids of 1953" to be "unkiddable and unbeatable," but with "little urge . . . to set the world on fire."

The "morals and mores of today's collegians" were studied at the University of California at Los Angeles, Northwestern University, Georgia Institute of Technology, Georgetown University, Howard University, Princeton University and Vassar College. Here are some of the findings:

Today's college students were "shrewder, more mature than their grandfathers, more cautious than their fathers; they worked harder and were more likely to think things through."

They underwent a big change when the World War II veteran came on campus. The vet killed off much of the traditional rah-rah college spirit, so that today it's "nothing like it used to be." The veteran did away with Hell week and hazing, taught students to drink to relieve tension and boredom instead of just to get drunk, and changed the attitude toward dating and marriage. Today — although "students keep this information strictly to themselves" — Newsweek said, "There is probably more talk about a wild sex life than the actual facts warrant."

Although on the whole they were better students than those of the '20s and '30s, Newsweek found today's generation to give "little thought to politics or international affairs." Generally, "they accepted McCarthyism, although a goodly number in all institutions questioned its methods." Students were "no longer misled into phony Communist-fronts as they were in the '30s," they were "wary of anything with a Red tinge."

Today's students are religious ("Religion courses on most campuses are well-subscribed, and religious-emphasis weeks are a big hit"), and most of all wanted to be contented, to have a home and a family, and to make a success of their chosen field.

"Sizing up the collegian of 1953," ended the report, "they might seem dull in comparison with their predecessors of less-troubled ears. But, though they wanted to conform, they were thoroughly and solidly American . . . Most of all they were young and wanted to make a million dollars. Some of them would, and you couldn't beat most of them anywhere else in the world."

As far as the college press was concerned, the Newsweek article contradicted itself and generalized far too much. "Although some papers, like the Ohio State Lantern and the Providence College (R.I.) Cowd, termed the effort 'Significant' and discovered that students on their campuses 'are much the same as students throughout the nation,' the majority of college editors attacked the article on at least one point.

The Daily Nebraskan, University of Nebraska, called the study "A description of no one." "Must every magazine in America analyze us," Protested the Nebraskan. "Must we be categorized like to many potatoes," Must writers conclude that all college students are alike." At one of the schools studied, the UCLA Daily Bruin found four items concerning UCLA that it didn't know until the magazine came out. Commented the Daily Iowan, University of Iowa: "It seems contradictory to us to link 'conformity' and 'thorough, solid Americans,' particularly in college students." Typical of the college press reaction was the Heights Daily News, New York University: "The American college student Tommyrot!"

A traveler on route 7 in Massachusetts, discovered this culinary note on the wall of overnight cabin: "No cooking allowed."

## PINNED and ENGAGED

Santa has brought a lot of special presents to some lucky girls already this Christmas.

Those who have received rings are:

Anne Howard Jones, a freshman, from Ronnie Snoops of Princeton University. They plan to be married June 16, 1957. They met at a Lacrosse game.

Mary Deans Garner, a sophomore, from Larry Traylor who graduated from American University and is now a first year law student. They intend to get married in June 1954. They met at a dance.

Mary Papciak, a freshman, from Donald Newell of the State University of New York and the State Teachers College. They will be married in August. They met while swimming.

Millie Frieman, a freshman, from Marvin Amelson, who attended William and Mary. They met at a party. They will be married in June.

Joy Helbig, a freshman, from Ronald Copeland, who is in the Air Force and is stationed at Sampson A.F.B. in New York. They met at school. They will be married in June.

Barbara Altice, a freshman, to Buddy Comer, a sophomore at Roanoke College. She met him through going steady with his cousin. They will marry in June 1957.

Nancy Ward, a freshman, to William Burton, a freshman at the University of Delaware. They met at school and the date for their wedding has not been set yet.

Nancy Lee Handel, a senior, to Ernest McCutcheon, a junior at Davidson and a member of the K A fraternity. They met at the Eastern State Mental Hospital in Williamsburg, Va. No date has been set for the wedding.

Beverlee Marion, to Bob Schoreckert, a first classman at Annapolis. They met at a square dance. Betty Jo Shore, a freshman to Frank Marion who is a private in the Army. She met him while he was working near her home.

Betty Marshall, a sophomore, to

Shannon Heyward, a third classman at Annapolis. They met on a blind date.

Mary Collen, a sophomore, to Jack Fulka, a first classman at Annapolis. They met on a blind date.

Pat Emerson, a sophomore, to Leroy Williams, a senior at Randolph Macon and a Phi Delta Theta. They met by bumping into each other.

Nancy Clawson, a freshman, to Burness Ansell, a med student and a Lambda Chi Alpha. They met on a blind date.

Elaine Campbell, a freshman, to George Trammer, a junior at the University of Richmond and a Phi Delta Theta. They met at a party and have set September 21, 1955 as their wedding date.

Judy Gerhold, a freshman, to Bill Manthorpe, a second classman at Annapolis. They met at Carwell Hall and will be married in June 1955.

Lenore Alexander, a freshman, to Sonny Friedman, a first year med student at Temple University. They met at a party.

Barbara Moseley, a freshman, to Douglas Powell of the University of Richmond. He is a sophomore and a Phi Gamma Delta. They met on a blind date.

Carol Bewley, a freshman, to Warner Dalhouse, a student at Roanoke College and a K. A. They met in New York.

## A New One On Texas

A Minnesota farmer was complaining to a traveling salesman about the heat.

"If you think this is hot," said the salesman, "you should have been down in Texas with me last August. Why, it was so hot that I saw a dog chasing a cat and they were both walking!"

## Limerick on Limericks

Well, it's partly the shape of the thing.

That gives the old limerick wing:

These acorrdion pleats

Full of airy conceits

Take it up like a kite on a string.

## It Was Easy Dad . .

(From the Daily Reveille, Louisiana State University)

"My son, now that you are home from college, tell me of all the wonderful things you have learned. I want to hear all about it, because I never had a chance to get a college education."

"My father, I learned nothing."

"What is this, son? You learned nothing. How can that be? You were there four years. You must have learned something."

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, dad. When I did make it to classes, I slept. I never bought a textbook, much less read one. In fact, I never read anything that had anything to do with college or courses. I never talked to anybody about anything; I just had a good time."

"But, son, you've got a degree. How did you manage that without learning anything?"

"It was easy, dad. I had a system. You see, I only scheduled courses giving objective tests."

"What's that, son?"

"Well, in objective tests, all you got to do is mark 'T' or an 'F' in a blank, or circle a letter or number in what they call a multiple-choice question, or put a letter by a number in a matching question. That's all there is to it."

"But, son, you've got to know something to put the letters and numbers in the right place."

"No, dad, if you schedule the right courses, know how to make plus and minus marks, how to put a number or letter in a blank, and if you're really lucky, you can get a college degree."

"Then the degree doesn't mean much, does it, son?"

"No, sir, I guess it doesn't."

EDUCATION—IN A PHRASE . .

(From the Cavalier Daily, University of Virginia)

We have been sitting around this office, man and boy, for over five years, and we finally decided that education is a process of deadening one end in order to liven up the other.

A St. Louis contractor recently ordered a \$500,000 building job held up until a robin nesting on the

## Undecided

A tourist, traveling through the countryside, stopped at a roadside market to admire some mammoth gladioluses. "Manure accounts for their size," volunteered the farmer.

"Tell me," said the tourist, "will manure stimulate the growth of most plants?"

"I have never been able to figure out," replied the farmer, "whether it actually stimulates the plants, or whether the stuff is so downright repulsive that they hurry to grow away from it."

When fortune comes, seize her in front with a sure hand, because behind she is bald.

—Leonardo da Vinci

She looked as if she had been poured into her clothes and had forgotten to say "when."

—P. G. Wodehouse

The fact of the matter is simple; To try to evade it is vain; Men fall with more ease for a dimple

Than ever they do for a brain.

Just give me a man

With a million or two,

Or one who is handsome

Would happily do.

A dashing, young fellow

Is swell any day,

Or one who is famous

Would suit me okay.

But if the man shortage

Should get any worse,

Go back to the very

First line of this verse.

## Passport

J. T. Fields

How sweet and gracious, even in

common speech,

Is that fine sense which men call

Courtesy!

Wholesome as air and genial as

the light,

Welcome in every clime as breaths

of flowers —

It transmutes aliens into trusting

friends,

And gives its owner passport

round the globe.

same site, hatched her eggs. He

explained: "I'm no bird lover. I

just respect a fellow contractor."

## The Night Before Christmas

By Betty Baber

The scene is the big, black, terrifying city. I am a little girl. It is Christmas Eve. I am afraid of Santa Claus. Jimmy told me all about him. And Jimmy ought to know. He's a big boy. He's in the third grade. Jimmy says Santa Claus beats children who don't like to play cowboys. I don't like to play cowboys. I like to play dolls.

There it is again—that strange grating sound on the window guard outside. It sounds like someone trying to file his way through. Scrape—scrape—do you reckon that's Santa Claus now? Do you reckon he's about to take the window guard off and climb into my room?

I raised myself up and looked out the window. The bushes were moving. I lay back down and pulled the covers up over my head. This was silly. I had heard the same thing last night and the night before and night before, and it wasn't Santa Claus. I wasn't going to call Daddy again. No, sir—I was a big girl seven years old and I wasn't going to be a 'fraidy cat again.

What was that? Was that the window opening? I sneaked a look. Move was that shadow? Did it move? I hunched down in the bed in a little knot—too scared to breathe. Now it was gone. I didn't hear a thing. Why was I so silly? I knew Santa Claus was not trying to get into my room. I wasn't scared anymore. I wasn't going to call Daddy. I was awful sleepy. Maybe I'd go to sleep. I closed my eyes.

Thump — thump — thump — I froze. Were those footsteps? Thump — they were getting closer and closer — Santa Claus couldn't be in the house. I wasn't going to call Daddy. Thump — thump — I'd play like I was asleep so he wouldn't beat me. Thump — thump — thump — Santa Claus just couldn't be in — Thump — thump — . . . DADDY!!!!



## How the stars got started...

Tyrone Power says: "I had it tough bucking 'tradition' to get into movies. First, a famous great-grandfather actor, same name. Grandfather and Dad, too — both big in the theatre. I was barker at a Fair before anyone gave me a chance. Then, bit player, understudy, hard work and eventually I made it!"



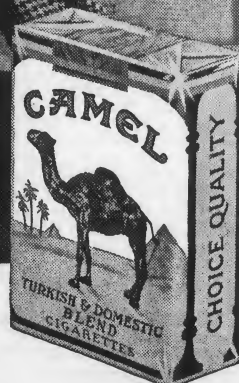
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## DEAR DIARY

By Betty Baber

Dear Diary,

If your pages are blotted and messy, don't blame me, because lately I've been so very busy. You know, Diary, packing, Christmas shopping, studying . . . Studying? (How did that get in here?) Of course, maybe some people study, but as for me—well, golly, I just don't have time. After all, I must keep up with my outside activities because they are what make the world go round. And it's certainly spinning fast now.

We are maybe being a bit premature, but yesterday we went through the tedious process of putting up the Christmas tree in our dorm. Believe me, Diary, it was a real job. In the first place, we didn't have too much to work with. The only tree we could find was an anemic one which looked like a refugee from the Korean War. But beggars can't be choosers, so we took the poor dilapidated thing back to the dorm. We were the laughing stock of school when the kids saw it, but we were determined to fix it up and make it look like a tree.

But Diary, if you've ever tried to put a tree in a stand, you know how almost impossible it is. Of course, the stand was crooked to begin with, but so was the tree. It only fell four times and I only picked it up three. By that time, I was so disillusioned I could stand no more. I left the room. When I went back three hours later they had just finished decorating and believe it or not, it looked very regal.

But as we were standing there admiring our beautiful tree, do you know what happened, Diary? My stupid roommate came in, slammed the door, and it toppled over. (Not the door, but the tree.) We put it up again and now there's a penalty for anyone who makes the slightest noise in the "tree room."

Tonight we are staying up late, late, late, in order to study for an early, early, early test. I don't see why we must have tests now. After all, mid-terms are just around the corner and I've always heard it isn't good to tax the brain too much. I've also read somewhere that all smart people go crazy. So it stands to reason, the more tests we have, the more we study. The more we study, the smarter we get. The smarter we get, the crazier we become. Don't ever say I can't add two and two. I must get to work now, Diary. I started knitting Father a sweater for Christmas and I still have the back and front and two sleeves to go!!! I always believe in getting an early start on things, don't you?

Your lovin' author,  
Bebe

## It Didn't

In Jackson, Miss., police caught up with a man who "lifted" a television set from a store. The suspect was taking his ease at home, watching a TV show on the theme "crime does not pay."

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Plus: Latest News Events

## MUSIC NEWS

by Pat Josephs

Christmas is certainly a time when music is very important. It seems that everywhere you go, someone is singing Christmas carols. We are thankful that we have this time once a year when everyone enjoys music. It's a wonderful feeling to go downtown and hear the carols that are played continuously. Here on campus, we always look forward to the various concerts given by the musical organizations on campus.

Most of the Christmas carols are more or less serious music. What a thrill it is to sing praise to God for His son—even at parties and spontaneous get-togethers! Christmas gives us a time when we can sing religious songs in any situation.

It's amazing how long the old familiar carols have remained in the repertoire of our people. No matter how popular some pieces are, the carols are always sung at Christmas. And these are the same carols, year after year. No one seems tired of them. Every year we can hardly wait until after Thanksgiving when we can once again spend a month singing Silent Night and O Come All Ye Faithful.

There is a large work, also, in the classical side which people look

forward to hearing sometime during the Christmas season. This oratorio is loved by the greatest Be-Bop fan. Of course, it is Messiah, by Handel. This year we are especially fortunate to hear the Christmas portion of this work by our choir and that of Randolph Macon.

There are lots of songs in our Christmas repertory which stand out in the Christmas season—other than carols and classical works. Who can write an article on Christmas music without mentioning Rudolph or Frosty the Snowman? And, we would be wrong to leave out a snog which is almost a carol itself—White Christmas. These songs and many others like them are certainly very important to us at this time.

Yes, music has its definite place in this season. Christmas is a time when we spread joy with gifts and parties and when we praise God. It is a time when we are friends with one another and are pulled together by some strange force. Music enables us to spread the joy and gladness in our hearts, to sing the highest praises to God. It is the major entertainment at all our gatherings. It is a common thing that everyone can take part in.

We are looking forward to the Christmas shows on radio and television over the vacation. We would suggest that you try to listen to a presentation by Amahl and the Night Visitors, a fairly new Christmas opera. It is a charming opera and has proved very popular since its first appearance on television. Also, Fred Waring always has an excellent program at Christmas. May you all have a wonderful vacation and may your homes be blessed with happiness and joy this Christmas season.

Miss Ruth Leonard, head of the physical education department, and Dean Alvey attended the seventh annual college conference for health and physical education personnel sponsored by the State Board of Education and held at Natural Bridge December 7 and 8. Dr. Alvey served on a panel at the opening session.

Dr. Alvey authored an article on adult education attainments which appears in the November issue of the Virginia Journal of Education.

The next issue of the Bulletin will appear on February 15.

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

## The Rhodora

Ralph Waldo Emerson

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being;  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

In size, man stands half way between an atom and a star, insists a physicist. Yeah, man seems always to be in the middle of things, including a bad fix.

## LATEST COLLEGE SURVEY SHOWS LUCKIES LEAD AGAIN

She hoped that he'd propose by mail,  
And when she got his letter,  
All he wrote upon the note  
Was: "Luckies taste much better!"

Hyman Levy  
C. C. N. Y.



Last year a survey of leading colleges throughout the country showed that smokers in those colleges preferred Luckies to any other cigarette.

This year another far more extensive and comprehensive survey—supervised by college professors and based on more than 31,000 actual student interviews—shows that Luckies lead again over all other brands, regular or king size...and by a wide margin! The No. 1 reason: Luckies taste better.

Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, and the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better—first, because L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. So, Be Happy—Go Lucky!

To make a hit at Christmas time,  
And really spread good cheer,  
Give all your friends that smoother smoke—  
Give Lucky Strike this year.

Frank G. Wylie  
Kansas State College

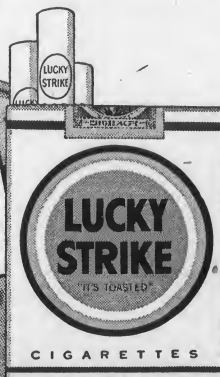


She's got a red convertible  
And flashy diamond rings,  
Smokes fresher, smoother Luckies, too—  
She likes the best of things!

Fred D. Mitchell, Jr.  
University of Texas



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It's easier than you think to  
make \$25 by writing a Lucky  
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## Platter Chatter

Look for an upsurge on the dancing front. The National Ballroom Operators of America are getting behind the move to get more people on the dance floors. There'll be a special contest during the summer, with loads of prizes for the best dancers; and a National Dance Week, promoted by Down Beat Magazine, with tie-ins with television and radio programs.

Eddy Arnold won Down Beat's first country and western disc jockey poll. Over 500 deejays were polled, and Arnold won the male singer's division; Kitty Wells, the female; Pee Wee King, the large band; Homer and Jethro the small units, and the Carletons the vocal group slot. Biggest c&w record was "You Cheating Heart"; and the best tune, "Crying in the Chapel." Coast Turns . . . Eddie Cantor does a little better than the late Al Jolson, who warbled for Larry Parks in his life story. Cantor, who does the song for Keefe Brasseur in the film, "The Eddie Cantor Story," gets credit in an introductory prologue. Probably 'you folks remember better than you do, but Walt Disney films have inspired more song hits than any other source. Way back in 1933, Frank Churchill of the Disney staff knocked out, for "The Three Little Pigs" film, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," and then, until his death several years ago, did more than 30 hit tunes. His biggest success was "Snow White," in which he had eight hit numbers.

Jazz Scene . . . Look for some action on the English Musicians Union, which has banned American band appearances in Britain. Sensational! tours just finished by Lionel Hampton and Stan Kenton, have the fans in an uproar. More than 3,000 Kentonites took special trains and boats from England, to attend the concerts by the maestro in Ireland . . . Incidentally, Kenton cancelled his scheduled tour with Duke Ellington, claiming that it was all a mistake, and that both were too big to do joint concerts . . . Dixieland is still strong, a recent bash on the Coast bringing in a smash \$18,000.

"Down Beat" Five Star Discs Popular—Les Brown — Invitation (Coral 61047); Eartha Pitt—I Want to Be Evil (Victor 47-5442); Donald O'Connor — Biggest Bloomin' Bumbashers in the World and Love Is in the Air (Decca 288816).

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## The Athenaeum

By Catesby Willis Stewart  
The Athenaeum, the Classic Club at Mary Washington College, received its name from a Classical Academy which was in existence in Fredericksburg for more than a hundred years. This is upon the authority of the distinguished scholar and historian Moncure D. Conway, who attended this academy. Mr. Conway said, "It was the boast of the Fredericksburg Academy, a hundred years later, that it had educated three great Americans, Washington, Madison, and Monroe."

From the Narration of Judge Francis T. Brooke, we read of a visit of George Washington to Fredericksburg, in 1774, when he came to review the independent companies. After the review, he was given a collation in the old Market House where he received all the boys of a large Academy. He gave them a drink of punch, patted them on their heads and asked them if they could fight for their country.

In the year 1789, the Legislature of Virginia empowered the Trustees of Fredericksburg Academy to raise by way of Lottery, the sum of 4,000 pounds, to defray the expenses of erecting a building on the Academy lands to accommodate the professors and pupils. This old Academy was known as the Athenaeum, and was removed from the old Gunney Green site to the West side of the eleven hundred block of Prince Edward street, where it was housed in a long low brick building.

The name Athenaeum, in ancient times, applied in general to temples dedicated to the tutelary goddess of Athens, and particularly to the temples where poets and men of letters were accustomed to meet. At Rome, the Athenaeum was a celebrated institution of learning, founded by the emperor Hadrian about 135 A.D.

Fredericksburg was one of the earliest centers of learning in Virginia in Colonial times, and has long been noted for its culture. This Club, following the fine tradition, attempts to place an emphasis on Classical studies, as refinements of education.

## Legacy

The boys were talking it over around the stove at the general store one afternoon and the topic turned to outstanding members among the families of the men in the store. One man remarked how one of his ancestors was a famous Civil War general and another man stated that one of the members of his family had been a U. S. Senator. Finally it was the turn of one little fellow over in the corner to do his boasting.

"Did any of your ancestors do things to cause posterity to remember them?" asked one of the men. "I reckon they did," replied the little man. "My grandfather put mortgages on my farm that aren't paid off yet."

## HALLS SEWING CENTER Alterations

100% George Street

THE RAID:  
Rough Spots Mar  
Harpers Ferry Tale

THE RAID, a biography of Harpers Ferry by Laurence Greene; New York Henry Holt, 1953; vi, 246 p., \$3. Published September 30.

Reviewed by  
CARROL QUENZEL

The Raid, intended by its author as a biography of a village, is a "brilliant new kind of history" to the writer of the publisher's blurb, and rather absorbing journalism to this reviewer. After giving an account of the founding of Harpers Ferry (now West Virginia) and the establishment of the gun factory and arsenal, Mrs. Greene offers his readers a vivid description of John Brown's raid and the immediate effects of that sneak attack.

Brown was one of the most tragic and pathological personalities in American history, and the drama of his quixotic personal war on slavery is preserved in this book. Apparently the author conscientiously consulted and effectively used contemporary sources. His narrative of the raid and its aftermath is accurate, which is more than can be said of some of his generalizations and terminology.

His assertion that the "Colonial Virginian of the Tidewater lived high off the hog, wearing silk breeches and powdering his wigs and practically never doing anything strenuous . . ." (p. 15) belies the fact that a majority of the pre-Revolutionary residents of Eastern Virginia were poor folk who never wore wigs, and grossly underestimates the arduousness of the manual and civic responsibilities of the leading citizens. Mr. Greene mistakenly refers to the counties that became West Virginia as the Western Reserve (p. 232), which is actually the designation for the northeastern part of Ohio.

Unfortunately this book contains numerous unprovable statements, as "The raid on Harpers Ferry was the highest possible point that could be reached by a man and a village" (p. 79), or "Our Congress, then (1796) as now nippleheaded . . ." (p. 61) or the claim that Harpers Ferry was the most violent community in the world (p. 2).

The Raid is marred by the use of rough language where it is not needed to depict realistically the reactions of the participants. Anyone questioning the fairness of this criticism should try justifying the author's characterization of the planters who controlled the House of Burgesses and then the legislature (p. 233).

As a source of authoritative material on the attempted insurrection, The Raid definitely does not supersede Millard K. Bushong's A History of Jefferson County, West Virginia and Oswald Garrison Villard's John Brown. Incidentally, Dr. Bushong was raised within eight miles of Harpers Ferry. Many News Leader readers know him as an effective and popular professor of history in the University of Richmond.

● Mr. Quenzel is librarian and professor of history at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg.

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By Marion Lee

During the warm weather of the past few weeks, most of the classes have been enjoying trial rides through the woods. All the girls agree that this is the most fun they've had all year. Tearing along "Suicide Trail" behind a long line of horses provides more thrills than a game of crack-the-whip.

For the first time in three years, we failed to catch a possum on our Possum Hunt last Thursday, December 3. The elusive little creatures must have been hiding somewhere. But the two-hour hike through the woods was exciting enough in itself.

Everyone worked up a wonderful appetite for the oyster roast afterwards, even girls who had never eaten them before. There were a few little struggles, but everyone ate at least one oyster. And then there were some that never could get enough, but I think they regretted it the next day.

Several early risers last Sunday enjoyed a marvelous hunt with the beagles. They ran no less than seven different rabbits and made one kill. The followers were so astonished at the number of rabbits they saw it was all they could do to remember to yell "Tally-ho!"

Now that we know where the rabbits hide out, we hope to have more and better hunts. Saturday, December 12, the hunt staff will be dressed in their formal attire for the first time on a hunt. It should be a good one, so come on out.

## Roving Reporter

Question asked hither, thither, and yon:

"What do you consider a good present to give a boy—any boy—for Christmas?"

Answers given hither, thither, and yon:

Hermie Gross — "Gloves or a wallet. Give me a boy and I'll find a present."

Carolyn Miser — "If you don't have a boy, what's the use?"

Charlene Parrotta — "A 5 by 7 colored photo of myself with \$5 attached so he can take me out on a date. I'd also knit him a pair of argyles to wear on that date."

Martha Eagle — "A spare time and a tank of gas."

Mary Gale Buchanan — "Must have ORGANIZATION—with the Big Thought behind it. Everything comes to those who wait—Shakespeare. I think plaid vests go with their fruit-boots are the latest thing at Alpha Bancroft Phi."

Rita Schaeffer — "Tzetzee files—in a bottle."

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## Christmas and Commercialism

By Louise Robertson

It was the Christmas season. Across the street were hung gayly colored lights festooned with holly leaves, and the colorful display of these lights vied with the scene below for attention. Store windows were crammed with all sorts of wonderful things—toys for the children, and exciting gifts for those a little older. A little boy was pressing his nose against the show window of one of the gayest toy displays, and his face grew wistful when his eyes lighted on a red and silver bicycle.

People rushed in and out of stores, arms full of colorfully wrapped packages, and trying desperately to keep from dropping them. Laughter, singing and shouts to friends filled the air. Snow had just fallen giving a touch of purity and peace to all the hustle on the streets.

Perhaps a person looking at this scene might say, "Christmas is just a big commercial festival, sponsored by the merchants to line their pockets." Yet—why are people smiling so pleasantly and humming softly to themselves? Why do people give food and gifts to needy families, giving them a chance to celebrate Christmas? Why do people sing carols to shut-ins and those in hospitals? Why do people feel gentler to those whom they don't like, or why do they speak to strangers whom normally they wouldn't notice? Can these things be called commercial?

Rather, these acts are a representation of the spirit of that true Celebration of Christmas long ago in Bethlehem. God's gift to us was divine, and we, in our small way are trying to show our appreciation of that Gift. It is this which prompts our presents and raises their value far above ordinary meaning.—That shivering child who was gazing so longingly at that bicycle will probably get it—from someone who knows the true meaning of Christmas.

Let us not forget this wonderful Present as we go about our Christmas shopping this year, buying with a feeling of reverence. "For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

## Senator Soaper Says

The man in the third house from the corner has a daughter going east to school, and after hearing about how much her clothes will cost we are sending over a pot of vegetable soup and intend to throw all next winter's snow-shoveling his way.

We don't know, but would like to, the small-town Minnesota editor who said that his trip with his wife to a big-city night club wasn't successful because he can't dance on a floor that doesn't have basketball foul zone marked on it.

Some doubt remains as to whether the Russians really have a hydrogen thing, and we can hardly wait for the dramatic moment when the mythical bomb meets our mythical civil defense.

## The young executive MAKES HER MARK IN RETAILING THROUGH SPECIALIZED TRAINING

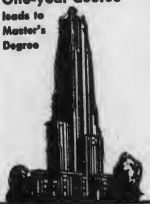
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# Richmond's Hildy Parks Is Busy With Television

By Sue Dickinson

Special to The Times-Dispatch

NEW YORK — Ex-Richmonder Hildy Parks is in such demand for the video cameras that she cannot stray far from the city of the Great White Way, but she doesn't seem to mind. A veteran of five Broadway plays, she currently has a leading role in "Love of Life," a CBS soap opera telecast daily at 12:15 P. M. In addition to this regular assignment she makes frequent appearances on the "Armstrong Circle Theater," "Danger," "Robert Montgomery Presents" and "Kraft Television Theater." With more than 16 dramas on the latter program to her credit, she makes another performance there on Wednesday, July 15. The piquant blond starlet will also be seen by Richmond viewers on July 19 on the "Revlon Show."

Generally cast as the sweet ingenue, Hildy Parks revealed that she prefers parts with a bit more spice. "One reason I like the part of Ellie, the heroine's friend in 'Love of Life,' is that she can embody some of the vices denied the heroine," she mentioned, laughing. Interviewed during a short break in the eight-hour dress rehearsal for

a recent "Danger" production, "Borrowed Furs," she commented that the role of Kitty was a nice change from her usual fare of sweetness-and-light. To portray the "kind of silly, cheap little girl" who become embroiled in a fur theft, the actress pitched her naturally low voice higher.

Gesturing toward the cubicle of the stage set representing the fur shop, she remarked, "This place has been guarded like Fort Knox during the five days of rehearsal. Cheap fur shows before the TV cameras," she noted, "so they can't use imitation. There's a young fortune tied up in those little animals." She spoke highly of her director for that production, besetted, 29-year-old Sidney Lumet. The "fair-haired boy" of CBS, his agile and high-gear directing recently rated three pages in Life Magazine.

She Played in 'Mr. Roberts' Born in Washington, D. C., the diminutive actress spent eight years of her girlhood in Virginia's capital city in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Peyton Moncreux Chichester, attended Thomas Jefferson High School, but took no part in dramatics. "I don't know why," she commented, "because I've always

known that is what I wanted to do." Active in the Players at Mary Washington College, she headed for New York three days after her graduation at 19 in 1945. The next year marked her Broadway debut in "Batsheba," starring James Mason, followed by parts in "Summer and Smoke," by Tennessee Williams, and "Magnolia Alley." She portrayed the lone distaff role of the nurse in "Mr. Roberts" in London for seven months in 1950, in the company starring Tyrone Power in the title role, and her ex-husband, Jackie Cooper. Since then she has played leading parts in "To Dorothy a Son" and "Be Your Age."

Although preferring the legitimate theater, Hildy Parks is nonetheless grateful for television and the wealth of experience it has brought her. The need for rapid memorization of scripts does not bother her, for she is blessed with the ability to "look at a page and remember it." Neither does stage makeup present a problem, for she uses only a little white under the eyes. But the brutal tendency of the TV camera to add 10 pounds cramps her style no little bit. Vowing that she "loves to cook and loves to eat," the short, slim star-

let moaned that she had put herself on a rigid diet and has lost 23 pounds in the last year.

A Summer cottage near Stamford, Conn., with an enormous front porch overlooking Long Island Sound, keeps the former Richmonder lithe and tanned, with a daily schedule of sailing, swimming and lobster parties on the beach. Even her coiffure, as soft bob with bangs, was devised with early morning swims in mind, "because it curls a little when wet." She commutes to the cottage every week end in her small English sports car, acquired on her theatrical tour overseas.

During her weeks in New York, she keeps busy with rehearsals, voice lessons "because I want to do a musical some day," and making her own simply-tailored clothes. She also practices the piano "for my own peace of mind," and cares for two French poodles.

Hildy Parks has created a Greenwich Village apartment that is distinctly her own, by doing her own decoration. "Copper happy," she has surrounded herself with ornaments and cooking utensils of the burnished metal. However, most of the decorations in the all-white apartment are mementoes of

## Could Be Serious

Readers of the University of Cincinnati Record got a shock recently from the headline, "Dr. Altmeier Gets Chair." It turned out to be the Christian R. Holmes Chair of Surgery at UC.

Possibly typical of our way of life is the fellow who has his luxurious automobile air conditioned so that the peanut-butter sandwiches he is taking to the office for lunch will keep better.

While new substitution rules will change college football this year, Iran demonstrates that it is sticking to the 2-platoon system of public riots, with the defensive or pro-Shad squad in at the moment.

It has been observed that people who own dogs tend to resemble their pets, but has anyone ever notice how many motorists look like the radiator grille of their car?

the theater — pictures of fellow actors, billboards and theatrical masks of tragedy and comedy. But the real conversation piece is her bathroom wallpaper—"script of a flop play of mine."

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